Drawings by FRED PEGRAM.

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CHAPTER XVIII.

Andrew's face, wholly disfigured by the hideous dark spectacles, unrecognizable, threatening, was within a few inches of his own. He felt the other's hot breath upon his cheek. For a moment there stole through his numbed senses the fear of more terrible things. And then the grip which held him relaxed. Andrew stood away

gasping. The crisis was over. You lied to me, George. Why?"

been emptied of all breath. "You meant to keep the contents of that telegram a secret from me. Why? telegram, George. Read it me truth-

"The telegram is from Spencer," Duncombe said. "He is coming here." "Here? Is he giving up the search? Has he failed, then?" "He does not say," Duncombe an-

"He says simply that he is to myself." coming here. He has wired for a motor to meet him at Lynn. He may be here tonight.' A discordant laugh broke from Pel-

ham's lips.

suppose that he is leaving Paris and coming here? I was right. I knew that I was right.'

Duncombe stood up. His expanse of His white tie was hanging down in rib-

"Listen Andrew!" he exclaimed "I am speaking of the girl by whose side self Miss Fielding, who has—in plain you telegraphed here for the names of his. words—denied that she knows anything Lord Runton's house party." of Phyllis Poynton. I want you to understand this. Whatever she may choose to call herself, that shall be her here to do either I have finished with Herald. him. I elect myself her protector. I clon of evil things."

"She has found a champion indeed!" Fielding I have nothing to do. Yet imagined your connecting my request be Phyllis Poynton she belongs to me, and not to you. She was mine before "The fact is," Duncombe interposed. her grow up from a chia, I taught her to ride and to shoot and to swim. I like Phyllis Poynton's, and whose genhave watched her listening to the wind, eral appearance, I will admit, is somewhat similar to the photograph I have what similar to the photograph I have "Mr. the moor when the twilight fell and course, but beyond that it is absurd to the mists rose. We have seen the kindling of the stars, and we have seen ing. She is there with her father, and ablaze. I have taught her where to proper credentials. Spencer nodded. She has belonged to me in all ways, save one. I am a poor, helpless creature now, George, but, by the gods, I will let no one rob me of my one holy compensation. She is the girl I love; "I wish to heaven that I could see the better part of my life.'

things to you," Duncombe answered. telling me the truth. "I do not know her. I do not recogmake these senseless suspicions. Seek Phylis Poynton where you will, but leave said with some dignity, Miss Fielding. Then she is Miss Fielding. It is enough for me. It must be "Not a scrap" enough for you!"

"And what about Spencer?" Pelham then," Pelham said. "No, don't trouasked grimly.

"Spencer in this matter is my serv-Duncombe answered, "If his search for Phyllis Poynton entails his a sigh of relief. annoying Miss Fielding, then he is dis-I will have no more to do with the business."

"I have heard of this man Spencer," Andrew answered. "If you think that he is the sort of creature whom you can order about like that, I fancy that you are mistaken. You can try to call him off, if you like, but you'won't succeed. He is searching for Phyllis Poynton, and he is coming here. I believe that he will find her.

The windows were wide open, and both men suddenly turned around. There was no mistaking the sound that came to them from the road outsidethe regular throb and beat of a perbalanced engine. Then they heard a man's voice, cool and precise. "Here you are, then, and a sover-

eign for yourself. A capital little car, this. Good night!" The little iron gate opened and closed. A tall man in a loose traveling coat, and carrying a small bag, entered. He saw Duncombe standing at the open window and waved his hand. As he ap-

proached his boyish face lit up into a "What luck to find you up!" he exclaimed, "You got my telegram?"
"An hour ago," Duncombe answered.

"This is my friend, Andrew Pelham. What will you have?' Whisky and soda, and a biscuit,

please," was the prompt reply. "Haven't upset you, I hope, coming down from the clouds in this fashion?" "Not in the least," Duncombe an-"You've made us very curious,

"Dear me!" Spencer exclaimed, "what ing note for Duncombe a pity! I came here to ask questions, not to answer them. You've set me a regular poser, Duncombe. By Jove! that's good whisky!"

"Help yourself," Duncombe answered. "We won't bother you tonight. I'll show you a room as soon as you've had a cigarette. Fair crossing?" "No idea," Spencer answered. "I

slept all the way. Jolly place you've got here, Duncombe. Nice country, "There is just one question," Pelham

"Sha'n't answer it-tonight," Spencer interrupted firmly. "I'm dead sleepy, and I couldn't guarantee to tell the And when tomorrow comes-I'll be frank with you-I've very little

Mr. Pelham come in in this matter?"

Devonshire. It was through him that first went to Paris to search for her." Spencer nodded. "Glad to meet him, then," he re-

shall be glad to ask him in the morn- earnest of what was to come as soon

dish upon the sideboard. "By Jove! your cook does understand tumbled fragments of ancient rock. these things," he remarked, with his mouth full. "No idea I was so hun- paused. A figure had struggled into Place.

A MAKER OF HISTORY

sandwich.

didn't seem to be getting on in Paris. and bearing. Duncombe felt his heart It struck me that the clue to Miss give a quick jump as he recognized Poynton's disappearance might after all her. Then he started up the hill as be on this side of the channel." Pelham guided himself by the table

the sideboard. He stood close to "Mr. Spencer," he said, "I am almost Duncombe did not answer. He could blind, and I cannot see your face, but It was as though his body had I want you to tell me the truth. I ex-

pect it from you. "My dear fellow," Spencer answered. Was I right after all? Read me that but I really don't see why I should an-"I'm awfully sorry for you, of course, swer your questionsa at all, truthfully or untruthfully. I have been making

few inquiries for my friend Dunmbe. At present I regret to say that I have been unsuccessful. In their present crude state I should prefer to know why. keep my discoveries, such as they are,

Pelham struck the sideboard with his clenched fist so that all the glasses day. I came out to be alone. rattled upon the tray. His face was dark with passion.

"I will not be ignored in this matter," "What about your Miss Fielding, he declared. "Phyllis Poynton and her now?" he exclaimed. "Why do you brother are nothing to Duncombe. He was going to the house. Something acted only for me. He cannot deny it. has happened which you ought to Ask him for yourself."

"I do not need to ask him." Spenshirt front was crumpled and battered. of the circumstances of the case. All was terror in her eyes. the same, I go about my business my own way. I am not ready to answer muttered, "and I am afraid," questions from you or anybody else!"

"Simplest thing in the world," Spencer answered, relinquishing his attack what is going to happen. You are in upon the sandwiches and lighting a cig- trouble. Let me share it with you. I will not have her questioned arette. "I did it to oblige a friend who

Duncombe gave vent to a little exwill stand between her and all suspi- clamation of triumph. Pelham for the he answered. moment was speechless.

"Awfully sorry if I've misled you in him Pelham exclaimed fiercely. "With Miss any way," Spenger continued. "I never you had better understand this. If she with the disappearance of Phyllis

I have walked with her over shown you. It is a coincidence, of vre on Saturday-

the moon grow pale and the eastern sky ablaze. I have taught her where to

"I suppose it is because I am not a

mpensation. She is the girl I love; "I wish to heaven that I could see better part of my life."

"Phyllis Poynton may be all these should know then whether you were drew was tortuned with doubts about the could see were imposters?" she asked.

"Certainly not," he answered. "Answered with doubts about the could see were imposters?" she asked.

"The weak point about my temporary of her what you will. All that I ask of thoughtfully, "that it enables even afraid of him all the evening .He must Spencer bu is that you divest your mind of strangers to insult one with impunity." "If I have misjudged you," Pelham alone the woman whom I love. I will I am to understand, then, that you have "I am sorry.

not have her troubled or annoyed by no news whatever to give us about under his feet needless importunities. She says she is the disappearance of Phyllis Poynton kept them half breathless, seemed full lost exactly neglecting their work, but utes," Mr. Fielding, cried out, waving the disappearance of Phyllis Poynton kept them half breathless, seemed full lost exactly neglecting a certain by half breathless. "Not a scrap!" Spencer answered.

ble, George. I can find my way quite well by myself." He disappeared, and Duncombe drew

"Excitable person, your friend!" Spencer remarked. Duncombe nodded

"Very! I am frightened to death that e will make an ass of himself before Miss Fielding. If he hears her speak he loses his head."

'Nice girl?" Spencer asked. "Yes-very!"

"What sort of a fellow's the father? 'Very quiet. I've scarcely spoken to They're Americans. Friends of Lord Runton's brother, out in New York. Ever heard of them?"

Yes, a few times. "You seem interested." "I am-very,"

Duncombe turned suddenly white. 'What do you mean?" he asked. Spencer held his cigarette between his fingers and looked at it thought-

"Mr. Fielding of New York," he said, sailed for America from Havre last Saturday. His daughter has gone to Russia with a party of friends.' Duncombe sprang from his seat. His eigarette slipped from his fingers and

fell unheeded upon the carpet. Then who-who are these people? he exclaimed.

Spencer shrugged his shoulders. "I thought it worth while," he said, to come over and find out."

CHAPTER XIX A HILLSIDE ENCOUNTER.

A few minutes before 10 the following morning a mounted messenger from Runton Place brought the follow-"Runton Place, Friday Morning.

"My Dear Duncombe-Fielding cried off the shoot today. Says he has a motor coming over for him to try from Norwich, and his dutiful daughter remains with him. Thought would let you know in case you cared to come and look them up. Best I could do for you. Every yours sin-

cerely, RUNTON." Duncombe had breakfasted alone, Pelham had asked for something to be sent up for him, and Spencer, after a cup of coffee in his room, had gone out. Duncombe did not hesitate for a moment. He started at once for Runton

Place. A marvellous change had taken place in the weather since the previous day. Pardon me, but where does nam come in in this matter?"

The calm spiendor of the calm spiendo Duncombe said slowly, was everywhere gray and threatening. was a neighbor of Miss Poynton's, in The fields of uncut corn were bent like the waves of the sea, and the yellow leaves came down from the trees in showers. Piled up masses of block clouds were driven across the sky. "There are a few questions I Scanty drops of rain kept falling, an but the girl's face was once more conas the wind should fail. Duncombe There is one," Pelham said, "which had almost to fight his way along until, through a private gate, he entered Spencer raised his eyebrows. He was Runton park. The house lay down in strong to drown even our voices." standing with his back to them now, the valley about a mile away. To helping himself to sandwiches from a reach it one had to cross a ridge of

"What was that?" she cried.

Duncombe watched them for a mo

Yes. You telegraphed to Duncombe She wore a flat Tam-o'-Shanter hat, "WHO ARE THESE PEOPLE?" to know the names of Lord Runton's from under the confines of which her guests, and now you have come here hair was defying the restraint of hatpins and elastic. She stood there Spencer helped himself to another swaying a little from the violence of the wind, slim and elegant, notwith-"I came here," he said, "because I standing a certain intensity of gaze fast as he could go.

She stood perfectly still, watching him clamber up to her side. Her face showed no sign of pleasure or annoyance at his coming. He felt at once that it was not he alone who had real-

ized the coming of the tragedy. No words of conventional greeting passed between them as he clambered breathless to her sid. The wind had brought no color into her cheeks. There were rims under her eyes. She had the appearance of one who had come into touch with fearsome things. "What do you want with me?" asked. "Why are you here?" "To be with you," he answered. "You

She laughed mirthlessly "Better go back," she exclaimed. "I am no fit companion for any one to-A gust of wind came tearing up the

They both struggled for breath.

She looked back towards the long cer replied. "I am perfectly well aware white front of the house, and there "Something is happening there," she

He took her gloveless hand. It was "You shall tell me this at least," Pel- as cold as ice. She did not resist his I sat tonight at dinner, who calls her- ham declared. "You shall tell me why touch, but her fingers lay passively in "Let me be your friend," he pleaded. "Never mind what has happened, or

or bullied or watched. If Spencer comes writes society notes for the New York nor any one else in the world. Let me You don't understand! "I understand more than you think!"

She turned her startled eyes upon

Phyllis Poynton and her brother ar- night.' rived from Paris last night," he an-

"Mr. Fielding of New York left Ha-Stop!

Her voice was a staccato note of the slow, painful flushing of her "Why did you come to tell me this?

she asked in a low tone.
"You know," he answered. 'Did you guess last night that we

you. He believed that you were Phyl-"I was 'I am!" she whispered.

have known. It seemed to Duncombe that the rocks and gorse bushes were spinning round and the ground was swaying The wind, which had of mocking voices. She was an imposter. These were her own words. She was in danger of detection, perhaps of other things. At that very exacting guests had brought about. noment Spencer might have gained an entrance into Runton Place. He felt uncertain of himself, and all the time her eyes watched him jealously. 'Why did you come here?" she cried.

do you interfere? erns me," he answered. "I don't care had another aspect.

man expression lit up her face. The also testified this. sick fear passed away. Her features were suddenly softer. The light in her was down on his knees upon the floor, wheel, tense and motionless. Duncombe eyes was a beautiful thing.

"You are kind," she murmured, "kinder than I ever dreamed any one could parently full of papers. Scattered over | ger.

"Try me!" he begged. "Then go away. Forget who I am.

A moment of madness came to him severed in his task. with the gust of wind which blew her coat. Then she tore herself away.

fault. Oh, let me go!" "Never!" he answered, passionately and staggered to his feet.

"Sir George," she said, "your warn-clasping at her hand. "Call yourself He stood for a moment staring wild-ing, as you see, was barely in time. We by what name you will, I love you. If ly at the door. Who could it be? He are adventurer and adventuress-de-

may be. Come!" all gone from her face.

my father. 1-oh, let me go!" She wrenched herself free. She stood drew near the door. away from him, her skirt gathered up into her hand, prepared for flight. 'If you would really do me a kindforget that such a person ever exist- was angry. He opened the door and frowned upon them from the back of And you, too! You must do the drew the girl in.

same. What I have done, I have done

of my own free will. I am my own

mistress. I will not be interfered with. have you come back? Listen!" She turned a white, intent face towards the house. Duncombe could hear She swayed upon her feet. It was all it until I can send for it. nothing for the roaring of the wind, so horrible. vulsed with terror.

"I heard nothing," he answered. "What can one hear? The wind is

"And those?" she cried again, pointling with outstretched finger to two hills covered with furze bushes and rapidly moving black specks coming towards them along the winding road Duncombe told me that they could not as bad as I seem. Good bye. Half-way up the first ascent he which led from the highway to Runton

"Guard this for me," she whispered. brakes," he declared, "I expect out of the room, He locked the door "It would not be safe for you to leave Lord Runton and the rest of them and thrust the key into his pocket. As here at present," he said. "I am gobrakes," he declared. "I expect out of the room. He locked the door are coming back." "Coming back!" she repeated, with a cigarette. "What do you mean?" she cried. Iittle gasp. "But they were going to A footman met them in the hall. In it, and the man whom we shoot all day and dine there. They employed to trace the whereabouts of are not expected home till past mid-sir—a Mr. Spencer," he announced. "I "If have shown him into the library. "I expect the shoot is off," Duncombe | Mr. Fielding appeared to hesitate for you heard her name. I have watched "there is a girl staying at Runton Place swered. "He wanted a list of Lord remarked. "One couldn't possibly hit a moment. her grow up from a child, I taught her whose voice Pelham declares is exactly to ride and to shoot and to sho Her face was white enough before, wards the girl, "but I haven't even but it was deathly now. Her lips part- seen it yet. Better fell him to wait ed, but only a little moan came from for a quarter of an hour," he added, them. He heard the rush of her skirts, turning towards the footman. "I'll just and saw her spring forward. He was drive down to the lodge gates and back. Come along, Sybil." CHAPTER XX. MR. FIELDING IN A NEW ROLE. Runton was apparently enjoying the ded pleasantly, though his face was relaxation of having got rid of practically the whole of its guests for the white with excruciating pain.

day. The women servants were going said. about their duties faithfully enough, like this?" but with a marked absence of any superfluous energy. Mr. Harrison, the swered. butler, was enjoying a quiet pipe in Mr. Fielding nodded and stepped into his room and a leisurely perusal of the the front seat. The girl was already in morning paper. Mrs. Ellis, the much the tonneau. The man slipped in his respected housekeeper, was also in her clutch, and they glided around the room comfortably ensconsed in an easy broad circular sweep in front of the collected menus which a friend had sent onette drew up. her from Paris. The servants were every one was appreciating a certain his hand. Sorry you've lost your day's sense of peace which the emptying of sport.

the house from a crowd of more or less In one room only things were different, and neither Mrs. Ellis nor Mr. Harrison, nor any of the household, knew anything about that. It was the principal guest chamber on the first 'Why do you look at me like that? It floor-a large and handsomely furnished is no concern of yours who I am. Why apartment. Barely an hour ago it had black speck far away on the top of th been left in spotless order by a couple hill attracted his attention. He stood Everything that concerns you con- of painstaking servants. Just now it still gazing, at it, and was instantly

who you are, or who you say you are. In the middle of the room a man lay an almost incredible speed. It gathered I don't even ask you for any sort of stretched upon the floor, face down- shape swiftly, and he watched it with explanation. I came to warn you about ward. The blood was slowly trickling a fascination which kept him rooted to Spencer. For the rest, here am I your from a wound in the side of the head the spot. Above the wind he could friend whatever happens. You are ter- down on to the carpet. With nearly hear the throbbing of its engines. He rified! Don't go back to the house, every breath he drew he groaned. Over- saw it round a slight curve in the road, Give me the right to take care of you. turned chairs and tables showed that with two wheels in the air, and a skid he had taken part in no ordinary strug- which seemed for a moment as though Then for the first time a really hu- gle. The condition of the other man it must mean destruction. Mud and

rapidly going through the contents of moved to the side of the road to let a dark mahogany box, which was ap- it pass, with a little exclamation of anbe who-knew. Will you be kinder the carpet by his side were various Then it came more clearly into sight strange looking tools, by means of and he forgot his anger in his amazewhich he had forced the lock. Mr. ment. The seat next the driver was Fielding was not at all his usual self. occupied by a man leaning far back, Forget who I am not. Shut yourself His face was absolutely colorless, and whose face was like the face of the up in your study for twenty-four hours every few moments his hand went up dead. Behind was a solitary passenand come out without any memories at to his shoulder blade and a shiver went ger. She was leaning over, as though all. Oh, do this for me-do this!" she through his whole frame. There was a trying to speak to her companion. Her begged, with a sudden break in her faint odor of gun powder in the room, hair streamed wild in the wind, and on and somewhere near the feet of the her face was a look of blank and fear-"She leaned a little towards him. A prostrate man lay a small shining re- ful terror. Duncombe half moved forong wisp of her hair blew in his face, volver. Nevertheless, Mr. Fielding per- ward, 'She saw him, and touched the

Suddenly there came an interruption. to the side of the car, and his right foot almost into his arms. For one exquis- Footsteps outside in the corridor had was jammed down. With grinding of ite moment he held her. The violets paused. There was a sharp tapping at brakes and the screaming of locked at her bosom were crushed against his the door. The prostrate man groaned wheels, the car was brought to a standlouder than ever, and half turned over, still within a few feet of him. He "You are mad," she cried. "It is my proving that he was not wholly un- sprang eagerly forward. She was alconscious. Mr. Fielding closed the box ready upon her feet in the road.

you are in trouble, let me help you. Let had asked, as a special favor, that he tected. I suppose you are a magistrate me go back to the house with you, and might not be disturbed, and Mr. Field- Don't you think that you ought to dewe will face it together, whatever it ing knew how to ask favors of serv- tain us?" ants. Interruption now meant disaster, She wrung her hands. The joy had absolute and unqualified—the end, per- asked simply. haps, of a career in which he had "Oh, what have I done?" she moaned. achieved some success. Big drops of were mud spots all up her gown, even 'Don't you understand that I am an perspiration stood out upon his fore- upon her face. Her hair was wildly dis-The man down there is not head, drawn there by the pain and this ordered. She carried her hat in her Slowly, and on tiptoe, he hand. new fear.

"Who is that?" he asked with wonderful calmness. "It is I! Let me in!" came the swift she cried, "get Mr. Spencer to answer, and Mr. Fielding drew a lit- no soul in sight. She looked even up stop his search for me. Tell him to tle breath of relief. Nevertheless he at the long line of windows which

"You fool!" he exclaimed. "I sent thrust a long envelope suddenly into you out of the way on purpose. Why his hand. She opened her lips, but no words

"Speak, can't you?" he muttered between his teeth. "Things have gone badly here. I'm wounded, and I'm afraid -I've hurt that chap-pretty badly."
"I was in the park," she faltered,

"Coming back?"

"They are almost here. Sir George shoot because of the wind." "The car?" "Down stairs-waiting."

they walked down the corridor he lit a ing to take you into a little room lead-

She followed him to the front door. A man was seated at the wheel of the motor car and turned his head quickly as they approached. Mr. Fielding nod-

"Kept you waiting, I'm afraid," he

"Jump in, sir, and see," the man answered. "Is the young lady coming?" chair, and studying a new volume of entrance. Just as they started the wag-

> "We sha'n't be more than a few min-"Hold on a minute, and I'll come with

> Runton called out. "That car But Mr. Fielding did not hear.

> Duncombe, who had returned from the park by the fields, was crossing the road to enter his own gates, when a aware that it was approaching him at small stones flew up around it. The

driver's arm. His hand seemed to fly

"What can I do to help you?" he She looked at him eagerly. There

"You mean it?" she cried. "You know that I do! She turned and looked up the road along which they had come. There was the Hall. They, too, were empty. She

"Guard this for me," she whispered. "Don't let any one know that you have came. The man on the floor groaned. it. Don't speak of it to any one. Keep He thrust it into his inner pocket and

buttoned his coat. "It is quite safe," he said. Her eyes flashed her gratitude upon For the first time he saw something in her face-heard it in her tone. "and saw them. They are all coming which made his heart beat. After all she was human. "You are very good to me," she mur-

"Believe me, I am not quite He turned with her towards the car and she gave a low cry. He, too, started. The car was a mile away, tearing

sound of galloping horses. He caught the further end of the room was an her by the wrist, dragged her through inner door, which he threw open. the gate and behind a great shrub on the lawn.

"Stay there!" he exclaimed hoarsely. 'Don't move. I will come back." along the lane at steeplechase pace. wine. Lord Runton, on his wonderful black seen him gallop save across the softest of country, pulled up outside the gate. "Seen a motor go by, Duncombe?

he called out. Duncombe nodded. "Rather!" he answered. "Fielding and Miss Fielding in it-going like hell!"

leaned down to Duncombe. "Beastly unpleasant thing happened, daughter have bolted. Fielding seems chair in a dead faint. to have half killed a messenger who came down from London to see Von Rothe, and stolen some papers. Fact of the matter is, he's not Fielding at alland as for the girl! Lord knows who she is. Sorry for you, Duncombe. Hope you weren't very hard hit!"

He gathered up his reins. 'We've sent telegrams everywhere,' ne said, "but the beast has cut the telephone, and Von Rothe blasphemes if we talk about the police. It's a queer

business.' He rode off. Duncombe returned to where the girl was standing. She was clutching at the branches of the shrub as though prostrate with fear, but at his return she straightened herself How much had she heard he won-

'Don't move!" he said. She nodded.

"Can any one see me?" she asked. 'Not from the road."

'From the house?' "They could," he admitted, "but it is the servants' dinner hour. Don't you notice how quiet the house is?"

She was very white. She seemed to find some difficulty in speaking. There was fear in her eyes. ing out of my study. No one ever goes You will be safe there for a

"If I could sit down-for a little while.

He took her arm and led her unresistingly towards the house. The li-

"This is a room which no one except myself ever enters," he said. "I used to do a little painting here sometimes.

BY E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM,

Author of "The Master Mummer,"
"A Prince of Sinners," "Mysterious
Mr. Sabin," "Anna the Adventuress."

Sit down, please, in that easy chair. Half a dozen horsemen were coming I am going to get you a glass of They heard the library door sudden-

horse, which no man before had ever ly opened. A voice, shaking with passion, called out his name.

"Duncombe, are you here? Dun-There was a dead silence. They could hear him moving about the room. "Hiding, are you? Brute! Come out,

Miss Fielding in it—going like hell!" or I'll—by heavens, I'll shoot you if Runton waved his companions on and you don't tell me the truth. I heard her voice in the lane. I'll swear to it.' Duncombe glanced quickly towards Duncombe," he said. "Fielding and his his companion. She lay back in the

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gry. What was that, Mr. Pelham? A sight from the opposite side—the figure answered ure of a girl. Her skirts and cloak ment. He had forgotten his hurt. He caught up a hill, and almost out of sight. In were being blown wildly about her "They are the Runton shooting up his hat and a coat, and pushed her the lane behind they could hear the

